image
FRACTION
ZDARSKY
SEX CRIMINALS
ISSUE 25: "NO TELL"
INTER NET CABLE
IMAGE COMIC5
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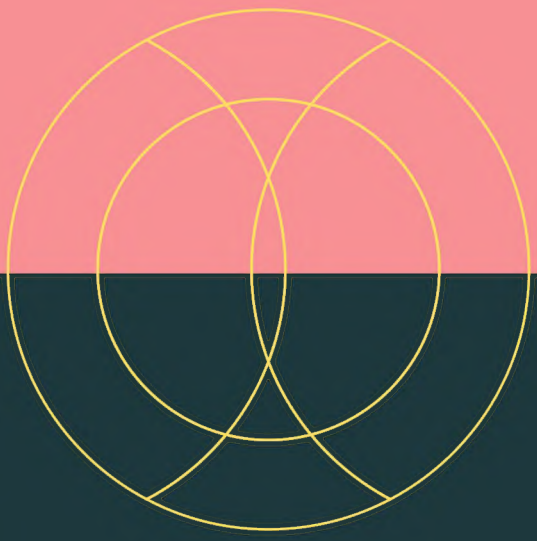
PREVIOUSLY IN SEX CRIMINALS



It's the story
Of Jon and Suzie
And how they both stop time whenever they may cum
Which is slang for the big o
Or "orgasm"
Which nothing rhymes wait maybe "your chasm?" Ugh.

It's the story
Of an evil banker
Who was busy with time-wanks of his own
All of them with painful stuff
And heavy issues
And they all feel alone

'Til the one day when this Johnny met his Suzie
And they screwed
And screwed and screwed then stole a bunch
'Til the banker
Decided to extract revenge on them at all costs while abusing his position, power, and fortune to personally destroy everything in their lives they held dear and precious, leading Suzanne to the emotional brink and Jon to the precipice of a dangerously untreated depression, resulting in an inevitable breakup, as she wanted to run from the whole thing and he wanted to fight and neither of them was being terribly direct with one another so of COURSE they split up and then Suzanne, finding a new job in a new town, tried to start over again but found that even outside of freezing time, she remained stuck in place like it was all some kind of metaphor or something and meanwhile Jon barked up all the wrong trees before coming to realize the holes inside him weren't gonna be filled by filling the holes, within or without him? Maybe that's not the right usage of "without." IDGAF. Anyway so then one night, she texted him then he texted her back then Suzie's mom's super vibrator bench started an electrical fire.

The Brady Bunch!

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

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SKOTTIE YOUNG XXX VARIANT COVER

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS & THOUGHTLESSNESS TO EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM

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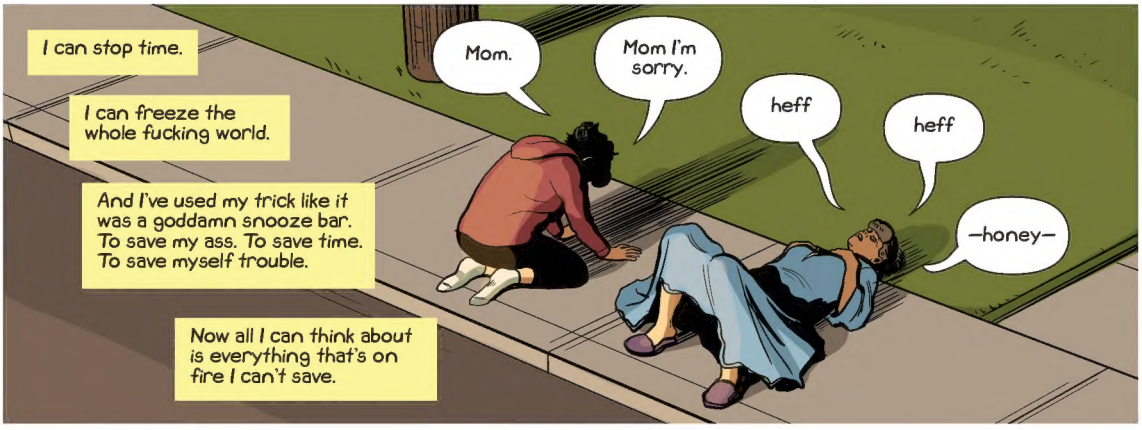
Dedicated to previous Previouslys

The smell of it gets me. The smell and the sound.
It's not a whiff of campfire or a chestnut-roasting-fireplace sort of fire.
This is fire where it shouldn't be.
It lets you know.
It's cotton and plastic, wiring and metal.
It's the scent of a life going up in ash.
And it sounds like the rumble of an oncoming train...
cough cough cough
cough ghaaak—

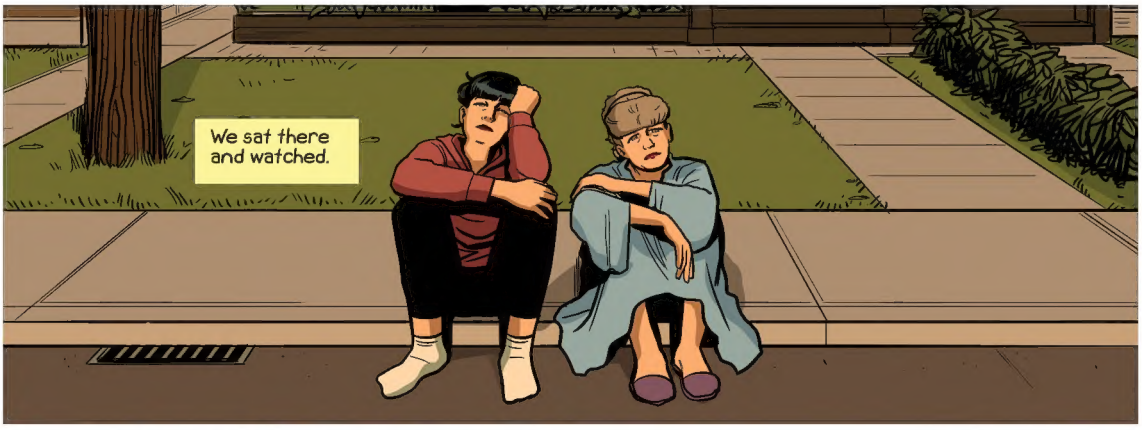

I can stop time.
I can freeze the whole fucking world.
And I've used my trick like it was a goddamn snooze bar. To save my ass. To save time. To save myself trouble.
Now all I can think about is everything that's on fire I can't save.
Mom.
Mom I'm sorry.
heff
heff
—honey—

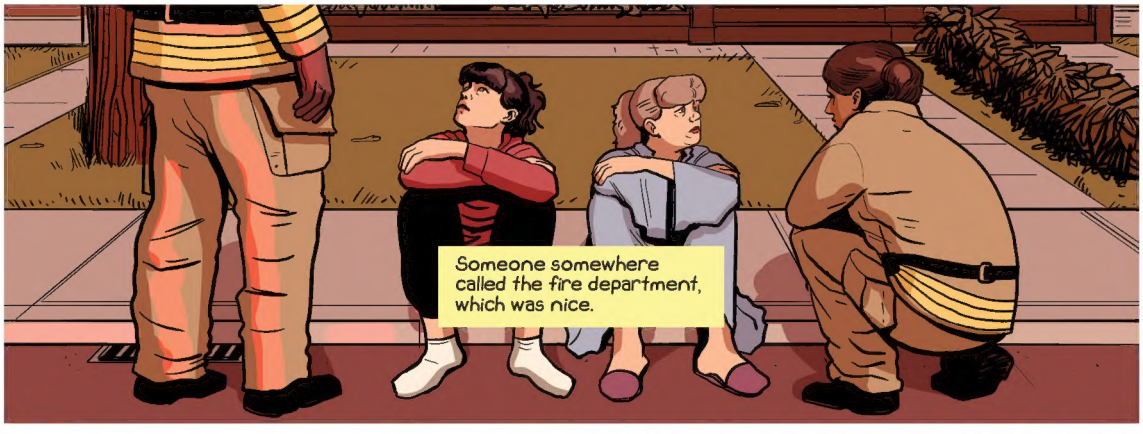
—honey are you okay—

Oh god, Mom—
It's okay.
I'm okay.

Her life.
My life.
Our entire—
—holy shit everything is—
—the papers—
—Badal—
— shit shit fuck—
46

Well...
It was one hell of a vibrator.
We gotta—
—Mom, we gotta get your stuff, c'mon before it—
Don't.
Maybe it's time.
It's okay.
Mom, no, we—
I think we have to let it go.
Really? *Now*? Right *now* is our moment of catharsis?
Okay.
And it was.

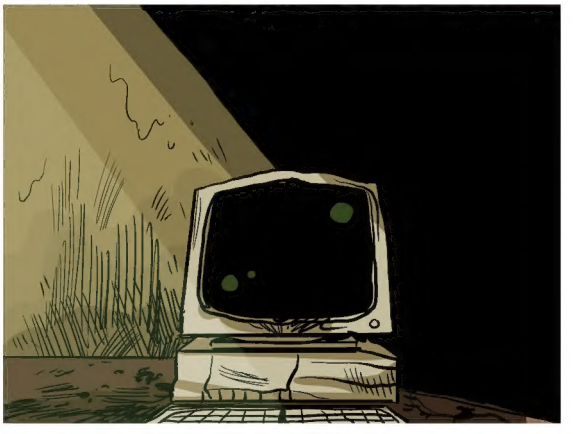

We sat there and watched.


Someone somewhere called the fire department, which was nice.

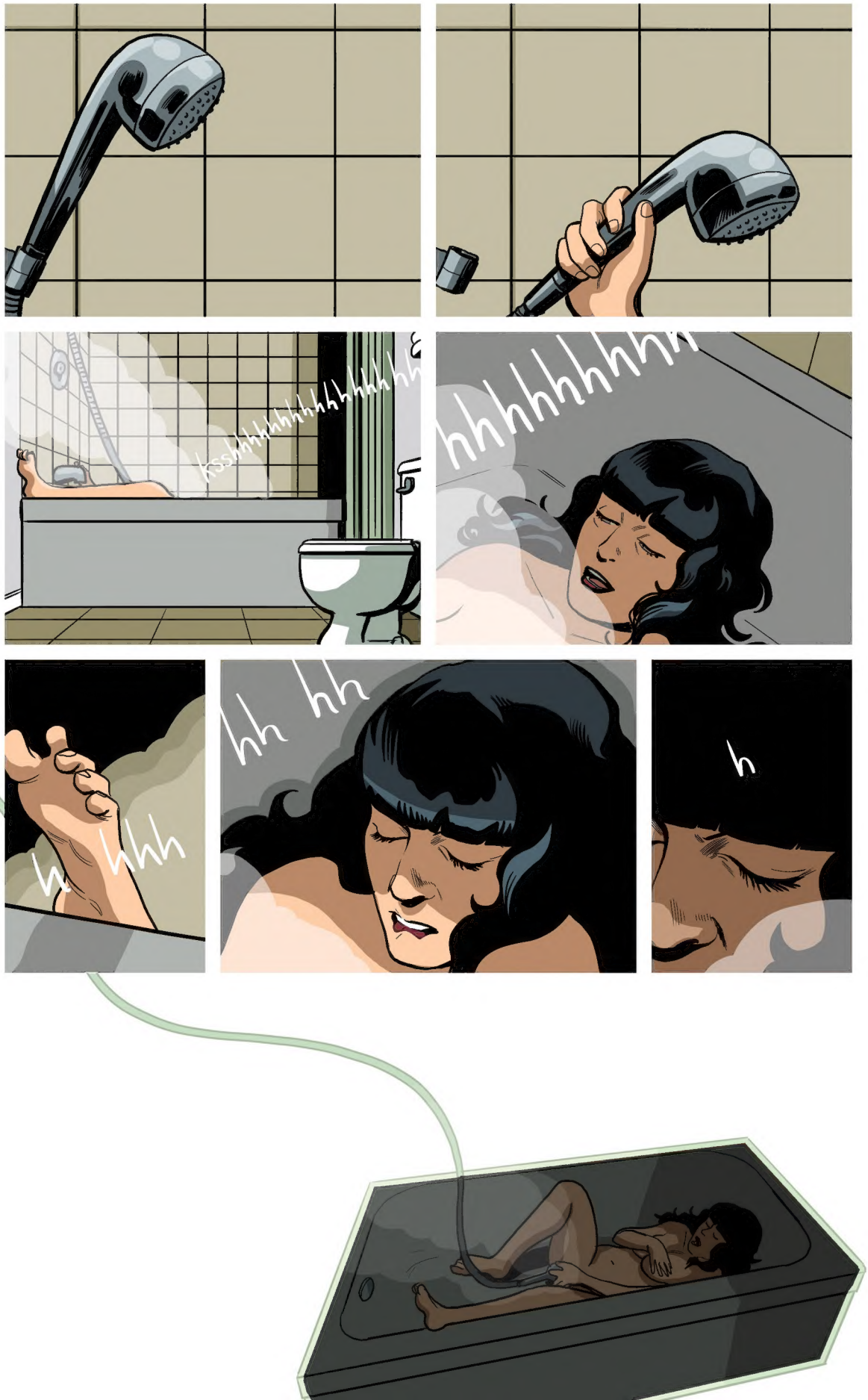
It seems like it took no time at all.
For the fire to eat everything.
For the firefighters to put it out.
But when they were gone...

...so was Mom's painstakingly reproduced museum that kept her life—
—our lives—
—frozen in amber.

4

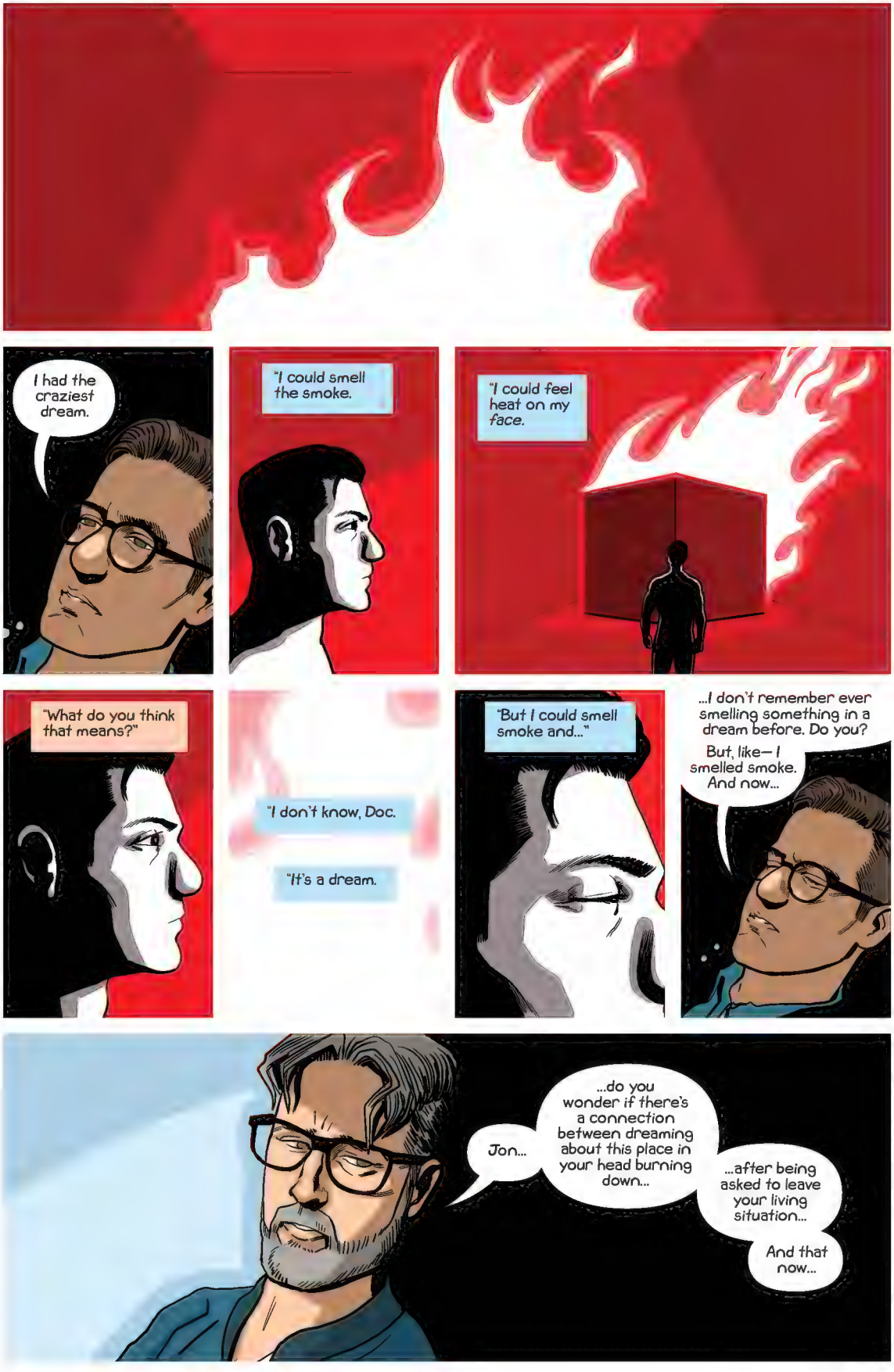


I stand in the shower, beyond any and all rational time, eating up every drop of infinitely hot hotel water that comes.
I blow globs of black snot out of my nose until there's nothing left.
My skin glows like unto a thing of pink coral.
It's not enough.
Well if there's any water left anywhere in the world, I recommend using it all in the shower because holy crap it—
a locker like this, sometimes, hey, it's solid gold, and sometimes, hey, it's solid garbage, but then sometimes, hey—you just went and bought yourself a crime scene.
TONIGHT ON EVIDENCE WARS:


kssshhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh
hhhhhhhhhh
h hhh
hh hh
h

Whew!
That's better.
Hi.

I just came harder than Rose Auerbach in a glove factory.
Feel like I can think again.
I started wondering "why?" Why the fire, why now, why this.
It's what we do, right? People, I mean.
Everything's gotta mean something.
Can't be random. Can't be chaos.
We want causes and effects, and try to find rational connections to—
—reinforce that two plus two still makes four.
Even if it's five plus 16, or 11 plus green or whatever.
IN AN EMERGENCY
surprisitty KNOCK KNOCK
Nothing just happefuckitty- FUCK!


I had the craziest dream.
"I could smell the smoke.
"I could feel heat on my face.
"What do you think that means?"
"I don't know, Doc.
"It's a dream.
"But I could smell smoke and..."
...I don't remember ever smelling something in a dream before. Do you?
But, like— I smelled smoke. And now...
Jon...
...do you wonder if there's a connection between dreaming about this place in your head burning down...
...after being asked to leave your living situation...
And that now...

...you're living in your car?
Running is Bullshit
Doc, the problem wasn't the place.
The problem was me.
Jon.
Doc.
Why are you here, man? I'm telling you, I've had an experience here, a real, y'know.
A thing.
And now you live.
In a car.
And you are hanging out with her.
I mean, what the fuck, man?

You ran out so fast the other night we couldn't explain what's been going on.
But tell me about the dream more. Why do you want to share it with me?
The dream is—
No, wait, why the hell are you guys all buddy-buddy with Kegelface now?
"The *dream*, Jon."
"It, I—It's a dream. It's hard to explain.
"I dream about it a lot. I see it a lot. It's a place, but really it's a feeling.
"Does that make sense?"
"Does it have to?"
"Jesus, just answer with a fucking answer already."
"What does the place feel like?"
"It...
"Why is Kegelface here?"
"Because we're in love with each other. And...
"...and because she wants to help us all stop a man named Kuber Badal."
"Do you know who he is? Did they tell you?"
"They told me... some? Enough?"
"Why now? Why her sudden change of fucking heart? After everything she's done, everything *they've* done—
"—we're just, okay, well, now we're *cool*?"

"I don't want to speak for her, or to any of that, Jon.

"She doesn't expect to be forgiven.

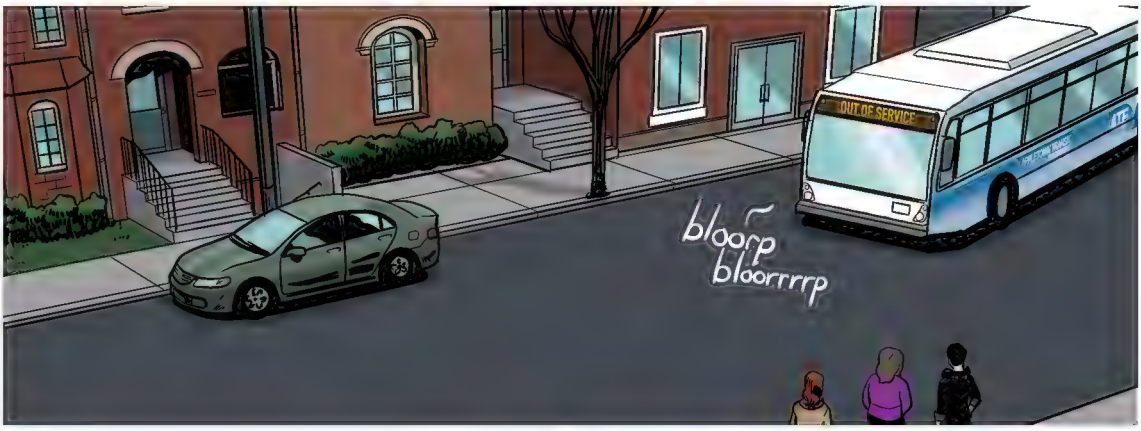
"She explained why she chose to do what she did, and how she came to realize she was wrong.

"And now she wants to make amends by doing the right thing.

"And she hopes that, over time, if she keeps doing the right thing...

"...Jon, I think you're right.

"The place wasn't the problem.' You know what I mean?"


OUT OF SERVICE
bloorp
bloorrrrp

Oh no, fuck that—
That guy hit me in the face with a goddamn dildo! He—

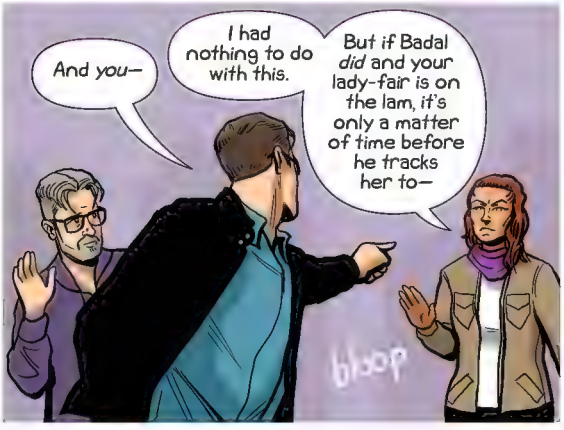
Hey guys!
Sorry we're late.
And I'm real sorry about hitting you with that dildo that one time.

Aww, where's your special lady-friend, buddy?
Are we going to pick her up next?
OF SERVICE

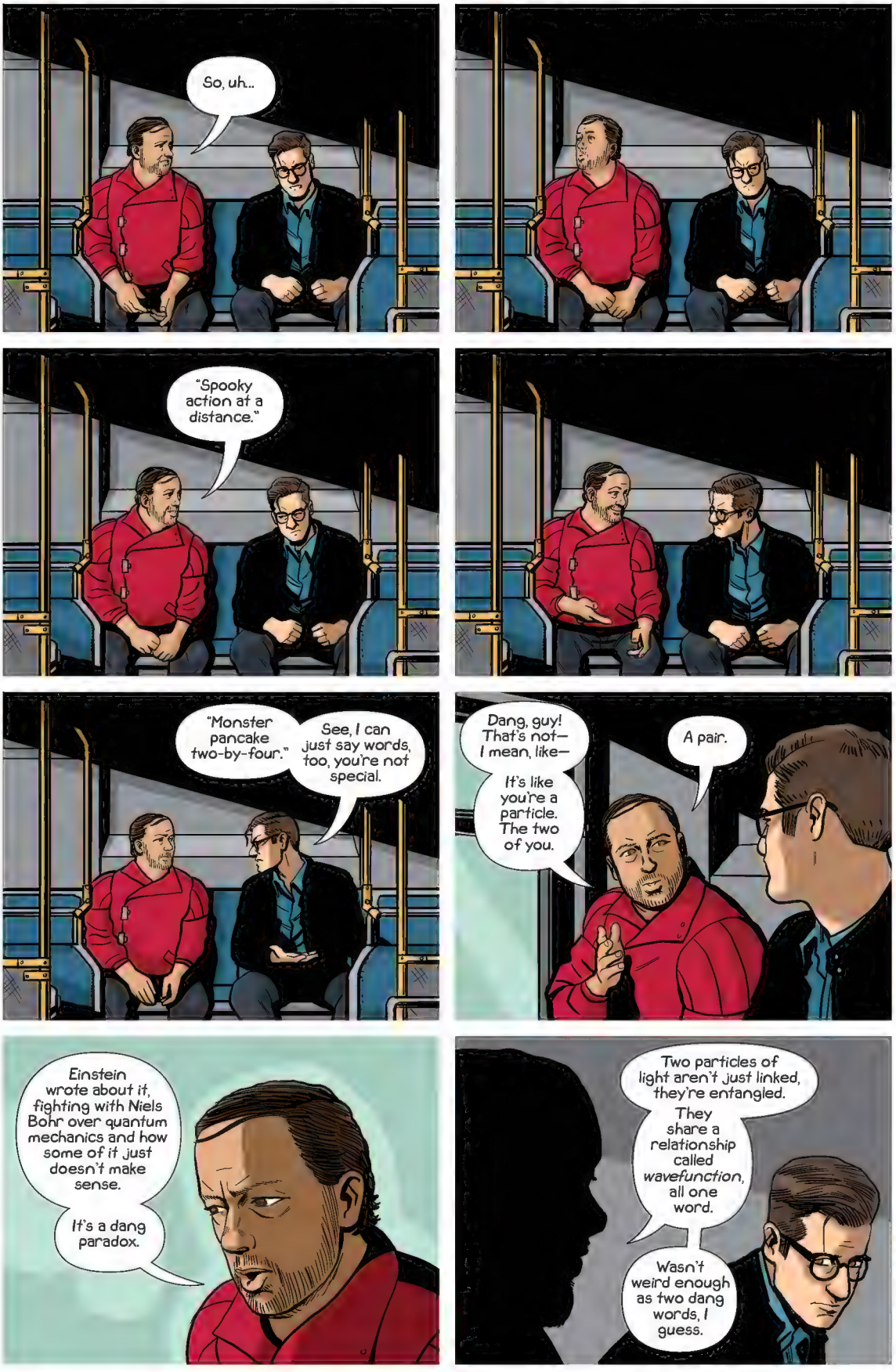
Boy, I, uh...
...sure wish you'd be in a seat instead of standing there.
It's not safe.
Was it safe when you zapped me with a VadgeVolt Tangtaser 6900 or smacked me in the face with a dildo, you busdriving fuck?
Beg pardon?
What now?
Turn-left-on-Globbracrobbo-Seetee.
Left on Alvarado Ct.
So, her mom's place, huh?
Is she—
Are they—
You can ask her when you see her, Jon.
And she can tell you all about it if she so chooses.
Oh, shit—
ATE ASS
APPLETOWN TRANSIT ENTERPRISE

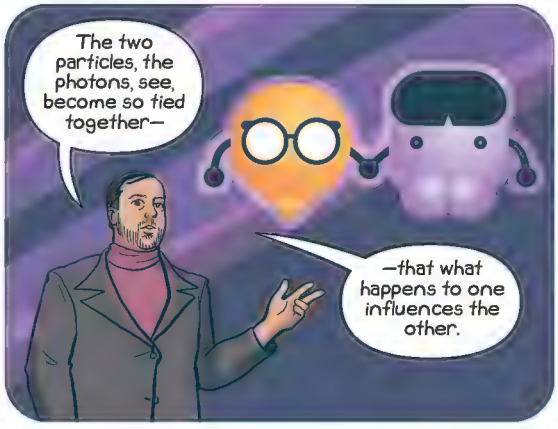
Fuck—
—Fucking—
POLICE

—I'm gonna kill him!
Jon, wait—
Fucking Badal I swear to god—
ATE ASS

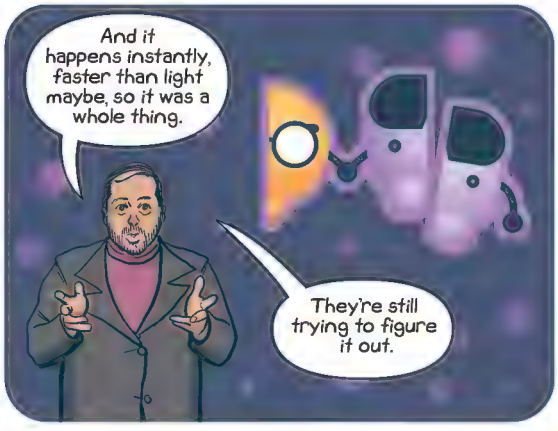

And you—
I had nothing to do with this.
But if Badal did and your lady-fair is on the lam, it's only a matter of time before he tracks her to—
bloop

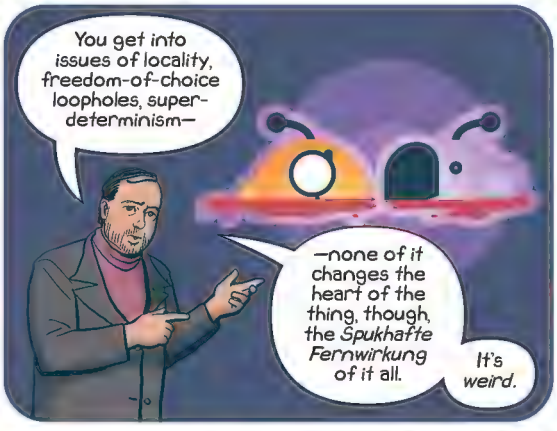
Found her.


So, uh...
"Spooky action at a distance."
"Monster pancake two-by-four."
See, I can just say words, too, you're not special.
Dang, guy! That's not— I mean, like—
It's like you're a particle. The two of you.
A pair.
Einstein wrote about it, fighting with Niels Bohr over quantum mechanics and how some of it just doesn't make sense.
It's a dang paradox.
Two particles of light aren't just linked, they're entangled.
They share a relationship called *wavefunction*, all one word.
Wasn't weird enough as two dang words, I guess.


The two particles, the photons, see, become so tied together—
—that what happens to one influences the other.

No matter how far apart they are.


And it happens instantly, faster than light maybe, so it was a whole thing.
They're still trying to figure it out.


You get into issues of locality, freedom-of-choice loopholes, super-determinism—
—none of it changes the heart of the thing, though, the *Spukhafte Fernwirkung* of it all.
It's weird.

A thing happens to a thing over here—it happens to a thing over there.

You dream about a fire. A house burns down. *Her* house.
I'm saying, the dang space between you two doesn't matter.
You're entwined.

...Are you saying I burned down my girlfriend's house in my sleep?

Gosh, no!
That'd be crazy.

There.
Yes ma'am!
Toot toot!
Here we are folks!
So how are we gonna do this?
Jesus, the logistics—
—I am *not* hitting you with my bus again.
We gotta figure this out, because it's not gonna be much longer before our girl finishes clam digging up there...
It has to be me.
I'm the only one who can do it at will.
I can meet her in the *Frozen Realm*.
The *hell* you will, J.O.O. Tolkien.
No, she's right.
Dang!
I shoulda come up with a cool name for it like that.
I know I've not given you any reason to trust me, but—
—Trust me.

If Suzanne is running from Badal, she's on his radar now and he's on his way.
If we lose her in the Frozen Realm to Badal, or she just runs, we might lose her forever.
I can beat him there and get to her. He'll be stuck out here with the rest of you.
You have to trust me.
No no no fuck that, fuck you, she'll have a goddamn heart attack if she—
We're out of time, gang.
bloop
Why does it have to be in Cumworld? Why can't we just, y'know—
"Cumworld"?
Gross.
Do we really think he's coming after her? Like, to hurt her?
He wants her to run. He wants her to be scared.
He likes to hurt people on, like, the inside.
Literally none of this makes any sense to me but I am *fascinated*.
If she gets out of range of this thing I don't know how we find her again.
We have to trust Spurge.
I know she hasn't given you a reason to trust her, Jon. So trust *me*.
God DAMMIT!
gabloop
Go.

There, there, five doors down—
—Got it—
I don't have to pull your hair or anything to get you ready?
Gonna let you in on a little secret, professor—
—Yeah, yeah, "I'm always ready."
I was going to say that contrary to what's currently à la mode avec porn, I don't respond erotically to having my hair pulled.
Or being spat on or *spanked*, if you really must know.
I really *must not*.
Why the fuck did you think I would care about—
—thhhhhhhhhh
ooph!
Shut up already.
Damn.

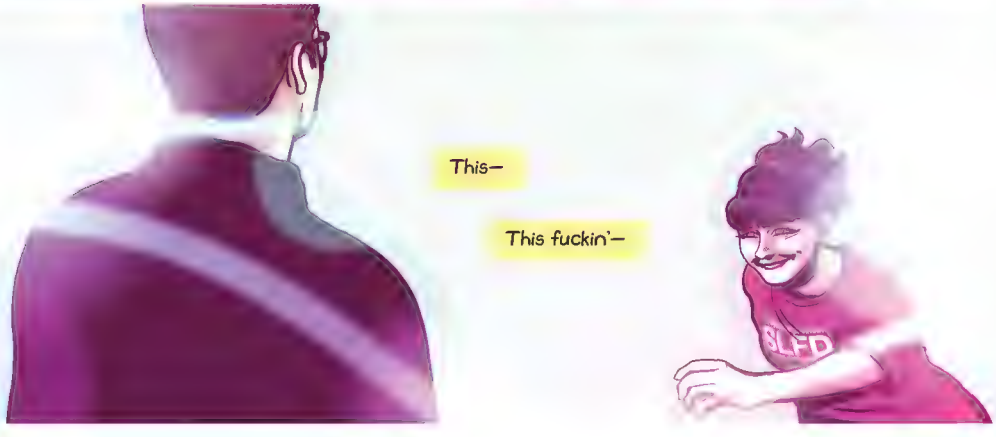
IN AN EMERGENCY
Surprisitty Knock Knock
Nothing just happefuckitty-FUCK!
They found me.
I fucking knew it, I knew if I rubbed one out they'd—
SLFD
Shit. Me and my stupid clit.
Shit—
Suzanne.
Kegelface.
It's "Myrtle," actually.
Myrtle Spurge.
Yeah, I know.
That's worse.
Shit.
Mom. They came for me they'll get her too and—
—Shit.
Okay.
Okay.

305
ckc
Suzanne, I—
klatch
305
unchain unchain unchain
I—
FUCK YOU—!!
204

—Suzanne wait—
—fuck you FUCK YOU—
—Come after me? Fine!
Come for my mother?
Her home?!?
FUCK!
YOU!
I was fine! I was alone!
We weren't doing anything to you—!!
—Suzanne look—
—Look who I'm with—

That—
—he—
—this—
SLFD

—that's a horrible look on him, Jesus.


This—
This fuckin'—
SLFD

This fuckin' guy.

I don't—
How did—
—I don't care.
I mean, I was, I was waiting and then...
...oh fuck it—

Hey you.
Hey you.
Is—
—Is this real?
I mean, this is really happening?
I don't know...?
Suzanne, I'm sorry. I'm sorry.
I am so—

Yes. Good. No.
I know.
And you should be, but first—
—First, I—
I—
—I liiiiiike you...?
...A lot?
Little soon, isn't it?

Sleep Or fuck motel
FRE3 CABLE
CHEEP INTERNET
ASK ABOUT OUR "HOU5E BURNED DOWN" DISCOUNT
Fuck you.

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND WELL WISHES TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*. YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED.
ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

WELL KIDS, THERE IT IS: ANOTHER ARC DONE. ONE WE'VE BEEN COMING TOWARD FOR A LONG TIME, ONE THAT WASN'T NECESSARILY 100% FUN 100% OF THE TIME, BUT ONE THAT, ONCE WE KNEW WE COULD TAKE THIS CRAZY BOOK WHEREVER WE WANTED, WE KNEW WE'D HAVE TO GO TO AND GET THROUGH.

PART OF ME WANTS TO DO A PROCESS PIECE HERE -- SOMETHING ABOUT HOW THESE LAST FIVE ISSUES WERE IN A LOT OF WAYS THE FIRST FIVE ISSUES OF SOMETHING ELSE, ABOUT HOW DIFFERENT THE ACTUAL PROCESS OF WRITING THEM WAS IN COMPARISON WITH THE OTHERS, ABOUT WHY I HAD TO USE A BLUE PENCIL AND AN ORANGE PENCIL AND WHY IT WAS GOING TO BE A LITERAL FLIPBOOK FOR A WHILE. SHIT, I COULD WRITE A THOUSAND WORDS ABOUT HOW WEIRD IT WAS TO NOT WRITE IN THE GRID AS LONG AS I DID WHILE SUZE AND JON WERE APART, BUT -- WELL, THERE WOULDN'T BE TOO MANY DICK JOKES THERE, HUH?

THERE'LL BE A SHORT BREAK BETWEEN HERE AND 26 AS WE GATHER MOMENTUM FOR OUR GREAT! BIG! FINAL! ARC! AT LEAST! FOR NOW! PROBABLY! OF SEX! CRIMINALS! BUT WE'LL BE BACK SOON AND THE GANG'S ALL HERE AND SHIT IS ABOUT TO GO OFF.

•

Matt... Matt, it's okay. It's your letters column. You can do what you want.

If you only want to share one letter, that's okay. If you want to occasionally make up a letter for comedic effect, or to drive home a serious point you're making, that's okay. If you need to take a mental health break after reading or writing something that was emotionally, taxing, that's okay.

You don't have to feel guilty. You don't have to beat yourself up. You're writing one of the best comics being published right now; I promise we'll keep reading it. We know you appreciate us, Matt. We appreciate you, too.

Matt, do you need a hug? Chip, give Matt a hug. It's what you're there for. That, and writing strangely melancholy Fantastic Four comics. (Dan Slott?! They watch you kicking ass with these characters for months and then decide to give the main FF series to Dan-fucking-Slott?!)

(Your Fantastic Four comics were good too, Matt. I actually preferred the Bagley series, even though the Allred one seemed to get all the critical attention. But I enjoyed them both.)

Okay, this letter kind of got away from me. Um... IT'S YOUR SERIES, YOU'VE ALREADY SHOWED GUTSIER CREATIVE CHOICES IN BOTH THE MAIN BOOK AND THE LETTERS COLUMN THAN MOST OTHER WRITERS WOULD EVER DARE, AND WE AS READERS TRUST YOUR CREATIVE INSTINCTS.

So go easier on yourself, okay? Please?

-Brendan M.

THANKS FOR THE KINDNESS HERE, BRENDAN, AND YOU'RE RIGHT, AND I KNOW YOU'RE RIGHT, BUT THAT DOESN'T MAKE IT ANY EASIER, Y'KNOW? IT'S A THING I'M WORKING THROUGH, AND THE WORK IS LONG AND HARD AND NOT AT ALL LIKE A PENIS, BUT RATHER LIKE THE COMPLEX UNPACKING OF DECADES OF REPRESSED AND OCCLUDED EMOTIONS AND REACTIONS. AFTER A WHILE, IT BECOMES AKIN TO SPEAKING WITH A REGIONAL ACCENT -- YOU DON'T HEAR IT ANYMORE.

I WILL ALWAYS TAKE A HUG FROM MY CHUM CHIP. NOW, HERE, A FEW MOMENTS AGO, I STARTED A SARCASTIC AND DEFLECTING COMMENT DESIGNED TO DIVERT ATTENTION AWAY FROM THE EMOTIONAL INTENSITY AND HONESTY OF THAT EXPRESSION, AND AT THE SAME TIME DEPRECATE MYSELF FOR THINKING AND FEELING IT AND EVEN TRYING TO EXPRESS IT IN A WAY BOTH HYPERCRITICAL AND MEAN. BUT I REALIZED IT, AND DELETED IT. METAEMOTIONS ARE LIKE TRAINING WHEELS FOR ACTUAL EMOTIONAL CONTENT, AND AFTER A WHILE I KNOW I WON'T NEED IT ANYMORE, BUT FOR NOW EVERYTHING WOBBLES.

IT'S CLEAR TO ANYONE WHO FOLLOWS ANY CREATOR, ANY AUTHOR, FOR ANY AMOUNT OF SUSTAINED TIME ACROSS A BODY OF WORK, THAT THAT AUTHOR EXPLORES CERTAIN MOTIFS AND MODES AGAIN AND AGAIN; THESE COULD MANIFEST AS THEMATIC OBSESSIONS, OF SYMBOLIC REPETITION, OF RECURRENT ARCHETYPES OR SCENARIOS, ANYTHING -- ALL WHILE MAYBE NEVER EVEN REALIZING IT. THIS WAS CERTAINLY TRUE OF ME WHILE IT WAS OBVIOUS TO LIKE LITERALLY EVERYONE ELSE THAT'S EVER READ ANYTHING I'VE DONE, BUT AGAIN, LIKE MY SOUTHERN ACCENT THAT COMES OUT EVERY TIME I RETURN TO NORTH CAROLINA, UNTIL SOMEONE NOT USED TO HEARING ME SAY "Y'ALL" OR "BAU-jengles" SHOWS IT ON THEIR FACE, I CAN'T TELL I'M DOING IT. ALL OF WHICH IS TO SAY I CLEARLY WORK OUT MY SHIT IN WHAT I WRITE, WHETHER IT'S HERE OR IN *ODY-C* OR SOME SUPERHERO EXPLOSION FESTIVAL -- I HAD TONY STARK GET DRUNK AND YELL AT HIS DAD IN A TREE

SEX TIP *FINALLY they made a big budget movie about jerking off! I'm pretty excited to—oh, it's just another STAR WARS movie, got it.*

FOR FUCK'S SAKE -- AND I SOMETIMES DO IT TO A DEGREE THAT I CAN'T SEE, CAN'T HEAR, UNTIL A COUPLE YEARS AWAY FROM IT ALL. THIS BOOK HAS BEEN NO DIFFERENT. EVERYTHING IS LEARNING IF YOU'RE DOING IT RIGHT.

WHY AM I ANSWERING THIS WITH SUCH HONESTY AND OPENNESS? I DON'T KNOW. MAYBE TO SHOW MYSELF THAT I CAN.

I DON'T THINK I WROTE WELL FOR BAGLEY, SO I APPRECIATE THAT YOU DUG THAT STUFF. I JUST NEVER FIGURED OUT HOW TO DO IT. BENDIS DOES IT AND IT'S LIKE A STRADIVARIUS BEING PLAYED; I DID IT AND IT ALL CAME OUT FLAT AND WRONG. LIVE AND LEARN, I GUESS.

Hi Brendan! Thank you so much for your kind words on my pseudo-FANTASTIC FOUR book! I can truly say that it's my favourite book I'm working on, nothing even comes close! Absolutely nothing! -CZ

•

Listen, I just straight up didn't understand Sex Criminals #23. Like, in a Grant Morrison "maybe issue #40 will make this one make sense" way. Just tell me if I missed something.

This comic is my favorite to wait for. Keep up the great work. Seriously. I bet everyone says that. Fuck. I'm just like everyone else.

#existentialcrisis
#triggeredbyacomic #help

Matt O

I THINK AND HOPE THE THING IS THE THING, AND WHAT YOU TAKE AWAY FROM IT, OR DON'T, IS YOURS, AND ONLY YOURS. AND MAYBE IT DOESN'T MAKE SENSE TO YOU NOW AND IT WILL LATER, OR MAYBE IT NEVER WILL AND YOU'LL BE DISSATISFIED. OR MAYBE YOU'LL CHEW ON IT SOME AND FIND ANOTHER WAY TO INTERPRET THINGS?

I THINK IF WE'RE DOING IT RIGHT, THERE'S NOT A ONE-TRUE-WAY FOR THE THING TO BE CONSUMED. AND I PLAY MY CARDS CLOSER TO AMBIGUOUS THAN TO CLEAR ON A LOT OF STUFF, WHICH SURELY NEVER HELPS.

OR DO YOU MEAN IT'S HARD TO TELL WHAT'S HAPPENING BECAUSE THE DRAWINGS ARE ALL SO BAD?

I think he's just confused by the time-travel-dick-and-nipple-sucking machine, chum. I should've drawn the dick and nipple sucking better. I'm sorry. -CZ

•

I had the weirdest sex dream recently. In the dream, I was in a virtual world buying pixel clothes for my virtual avatar. A handsome faceless man comes up to me and ask me if I wanted to fuck him. In the dream, I felt like I had only 30 minutes left 'til I had to leave, so I told him if we can do it in less than 15 minutes, then sure. Next thing I knew, we were doing the deed, but what is really weird about this dream is when I woke up, I felt like I actually just had a dick inside me. I didn't masturbate in my sleep, at least I don't think I did. Do people sleep and masturbate? Cause I literally felt like I had a phantom dick in me. Like what the fuck is up with that?

Andrea K.

MAN, I DON'T KNOW, AND SINCE YOU'VE BROUGHT UP WET DREAMS AND SLEEP-SPANKIN', CAN I JUST SAY, I HAVE HAD ONE (1) WET DREAM MY ENTIRE LIFE, AND IT WAS EXTREMELY WEIRD. SUBSEQUENT TO THAT, SEXYTIME DREAMS TEND TO RAPIDLY EVOLVE INTO NIGHTMARES OF EXTREME EMOTIONAL INTENSITY AND SHAME (BONER KILLER!), OR ALTERNATELY I GET SO PSYCHED THAT IT BECOMES A MOMENT OF LUCIDITY THAT WAKES ME UP. I'M SURE PEOPLE MASTURBATE IN THEIR SLEEP. I DUNNO IF PEOPLE AUTO-PENETRATE OR NOT WHILE SLEEPING, BUT FUCK, ONE TIME I WENT SLEEPWALKING AT MY FRIEND ANDY'S HOUSE AND I TOOK ALL OF HIS BROTHER'S RECORDS AND STACKED THEM ON THE TABLE BY DISC, SLEEVE, AND JACKET, THEN WENT BACK TO SLEEP WITH NO KNOWLEDGE NOR MEMORY OF HAVING DONE IT, BUT I DID, SO I GUESS I WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED. AND I'VE HAD DREAMS WHERE I WAS, Y'KNOW, FALLING OR GETTING HIT OR BEING HURT AND WOKEN UP SURE I HAD REALLY FELT IT...

THE WET DREAM I HAD WAS THIS: I AM IN A TUBE, LIKE AN UMBILICAL CORD SORT OF TUBE. THERE IS A WARM GEL EVERYWHERE, LIKE AMNIOTIC FLUID. THE MEMBRANE IS TRANSLUCENT; I CAN SEE SHAPES AND LIGHTS ON THE OTHER SIDE AND I AM AWARE I AM BEING WATCHED. I AM NAKED; IT SEEMS VERY MUCH LIKE A RETURN TO THE WOMB OR SOMETHING.

SOME SORT OF PERISTALTIC MOVEMENT STARTS, AND THE TUBE STARTS TO FORCE ME THROUGH IT. IT BEGINS PLEASANT ENOUGH, BUT THE FLUID MOVES FASTER AND FASTER AND SO DO I, THE JOURNEY BECOMING LIKE A PLUMMET DOWN AN OUT-OF-CONTROL WATER SLIDE SORT OF THING.

SEX TIP *"Analingus" sounds very clinical, but a doctor will absolutely not do it for you, no matter your insurance plan.*

I'M EJECTED INTO A LARGE AREA, A SPACE, A ROOM, A POOL -- SAME FLUID, SAME TRANSLUCENT WALLS AND STUFF, SAME LIGHTS AND MUFFLED SOUND. I BECOME AWARE THAT SOMEONE ELSE HAS BEEN FIRED INTO THE POOL AS WELL, BUT I CAN'T TELL ANYTHING ABOUT THEM OTHER THAN THAT THEY ARE, LIKE ME, NAKED AND CONFUSED.

THE FLUID BEGINS TO SPIN AROUND AND AROUND LIKE A G-FORCE SIMULATOR, AND WE ARE CAUGHT IN THE FLOW. PEOPLE ARE STILL WATCHING US ON THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MEMBRANE. IT STARTS TO GET SCARY. I COLLIDE WITH THE OTHER PERSON FROM TIME TO TIME, LIKE TWO PARTICLES IN AN ACCELERATOR. WE SPIN FASTER AND FASTER.

THEN WE COLLIDE AT A TREMENDOUS VELOCITY AND BECOME A SINGLE BEING, AS THOUGH WE ARE TWO THINGS MADE OF, LIKE, PLAY-DOH THAT YOU SMASH TOGETHER. YOU CAN SEE PARTS OF THE FIRST THING AND THE SECOND THING, BUT IT'S THIS WEIRD THIRD THING NOW -- ANYWAY, THAT'S US NOW. THE FLUID SLOWS AND WE, TWO PEOPLE THAT ARE NOW ONE PERSON, HAVE SEX WITH OURSELVES WHILE BEING OBSERVED OUTSIDE OF THE MEMBRANE.

SO IT WAS PRETTY HOT!

Hi Andrea. I've only ever had wet DAYdreams, and they all 100% felt like a dick was inside me all along. Cheers. -CZ

•

I'm writing this from a library PC in Amsterdam after self-exiling myself from where I'm staying due to a pretty violent row with my host on Sunday. Yesterday I crept out the house with a few travel things and found somewhere quiet and bought the most recent Sex Crims issues on comixology - they felt like they grounded me after a pretty surreal weekend so thanks for that.

I'm forever in love with the design of the book - all your covers are artful in that sort of ipod-minimalist way that I'd find offputting as all fuck in any other instance but it's just elegant here. The consistent formal experimentation also just sings to me, the flow of the single-page post script scenes in issue 20 was a joy.

So sex stuff. I lost my virginity a few years back and beyond that I don't have any real experience? Which I don't know how I feel about. Intimacy is weird. Sometimes I tell myself I'll try a bit harder once I've figured out if I'm actually depressed or just apathetic about my current circumstances. Anyway; me and my partner did it to the entire first season of Spaced - I believe we started fooling around just when Marsha first hits on Brian and finished some time in the paintball episode.

It was bad but you know, first times. This might amuse; my (working artist) partner used "I want to make comics with you" as some erotic innuendo and now, five years on we're actually platonically making a comic. So I guess one way to meet collaborators is to lose your virginity to them?

Well I've exercised my writing brain enough by doing this. Gonna turn my focus to university work and maybe a peace-making email to my host.

Lex L

WELL LOOK, FIRST OFF I DON'T WANT TO TELL YOU HOW TO LIVE YOUR LIFE, BUT I THINK YOU SHOULD LIVE A LIFE THAT'S FREE FROM VIOLENT ROWS, AND WHILE I KNOW THIS LETTER WILL SEE PRINT LIKE EIGHT WEEKS AFTER YOU WROTE IT, I HOPE YOU ARE IN A SITUATION NOW BOTH SAFE AND SANE.

THERE IS NO RACE; WAIT FOR WHEN AND IF YOU WANT IT.

AND I AM THRILLED THAT YOU ARE NOW ABLE TO TELL PEOPLE THAT COMICS VERY LITERALLY GOT YOU LAID.

My only regret in life is that Matt and I didn't lose our viriginities to each other because it would've definitely made this comic even MORE special than my current run on the hit Marvel title MARVEL 2-IN-1. -CZ

•

So, I just found your comic yesterday and have been binge-reading since then, including your letters column, which I NEVER read (nor have ever written into so, well done you guys).

I got to Ana's backstory and oh. my. god. Which one of you has been spying on me!? O.O

Not the sex worker stuff (no shade, I just am not one) or her party girl lifestyle, but her very specific issue of having a scar on her ladybits which left her unable to feel brimpy stuffs is so close to home for me that.... wow.

I just had to take a sec to email you guys.

So, my backstory: I had an accident as a kid, playing tag on a wooden ship, the chain ladder specifically. Long story short, I ended up with gashes on my ladybits, and after the healing process, this left me with often painful hypersensitivity on one side of my funbutton, and 0 sensitivity on the other.

This accident had happened long before my sexual awakening, but, due to said injury, I discovered as

SEX TIP *Surprise your partner in the middle of sex by giving her some SEX CRIMINALS merch, which you can learn more about below.*

I matured that I couldn't properly pleasure myself manually (neither internally nor externally) to the big O, but I COULD using kegels (I didn't know the term for it at the time though).

So that became my thing. And then, of course, sexytimes started happening, but I'd feel weird trying to explain to guys that they were doing nothing for me, but that it wasn't them coz I could barely do anything for me either, so faking orgasms became a thing. For far too long.

Years later, I met my current dude: a then-virgin with no such hang-ups. And we discovered each other together. And I was able to finally be honest. And now we have awesome sexytimes. And he's taught me a lot about my body. And he's so patient and attentive.

It's still difficult, many times I just can't "get there", but it's ok, and I DON'T HAVE TO FAKE IT \0/

And Ana helps me realise, just that much more, that I'm not a weirdo freak (well, in the bad way... I'm still a weirdo freak in the sexy way). Seeing her on the page was a literal jaw-drop moment for me, so thankyouthankyouthankyou, a million times over. It's so so so important to see the variety of people there are in the world. Even if it's just so you can say: it's not just me.

LM

OH WOW -- THANKS FOR WRITING AND SHARING THIS -- THAT'S AMAZING. NOT THE INJURY, AND THE UNCERTAINTY AND DIFFICULTIES AND SHIT, THAT'S AWFUL -- BUT THE SUBSEQUENT CURRENT DUDE, KEGEL DISCOVERY, ETC.

IMAGINE THE THINGS MEDICAL SCIENCE COULD DO FOR VULVA-HAVERS THE WORLD OVER IF THEIR SEXUALITY AND GENDER HADN'T BEEN OPPRESSED AND DENIED SINCE THE START OF HUMAN HISTORY.

EARLY-ISH IN MY SEX-HAVING CAREER AS A SEX-HAVER, I HAD A PARTNER WHO WAS

SEX CRIMINALS MERCH

FOR PEOPLE WHO WANT TO SHOW THEY'RE A FAN OF *SEX CRIMINALS* WITHOUT WEARING A THING THAT SAYS *SEX CRIMINALS*

Matt & Chip have teamed up with *Worldbuilders Market* to finally put some quality merch into the world! *Worldbuilders Market* are a cool company, where all proceeds go to *Worldbuilders*, a charity working to make a sustainable difference in the world.

worldbuildersmarket.com/collections/sex-criminals

SEX TIP *People generally enjoy finally getting to have sex. So why is it called "losing virginity" instead of "winning fucking"? Hi, I'm Chip, and this is my TED Ta-*

VERY SIMILAR TO ANA IN A LOT OF WAYS; SEX WAS VERY MUCH A JOURNEY RATHER THAN A DESTINATION. DEALING WITH THAT, LEARNING ABOUT IT AND LIVING WITH IT AT THAT LEVEL OF LIFE EXPERIENCE (TO SAY NOTHING OF SEXUAL EXPERIENCE) HELPED TO CHANGE A LOT OF PRECONCEPTIONS AND RECEIVED WISDOM THAT COMES WITH A BEGINNER'S UNDERSTANDING OF "SEX." SHE WAS FAR MORE PATIENT WITH ME THAN I WOULD HAVE BEEN.

ANYWAY. IT IS NOT JUST YOU! WE ARE ALL ALONE TOGETHER!

•

First time SexCrimz letter writer here (I lost my comic book letter writing virginity to WicDiv already, but I still do love all of you equally as much). Just wanted to drop by and tell you how much I appreciate your work - the story, the characters, the unbelievable letters column - everything. Surely you've heard this great many times already, but that's what you rightly deserve for making this comic so consistently good. It literally feels like a climax every time I pick up each new issue. The wait is so WORTH IT.

But enough about you, because there's some stuff I'd like to pour out on your hard-working asses. A load of gunk, that I've been accumulating for these past years, if you will. You see, I've been around this comic since the beginning and a lot of it just blew my tiny little still-maturing mind. One of the things was the so called 'porn in the woods' phenomenon that a lot of guys and gals seem to have experienced at one point or another in their lifetime. But the thing that surprised me the most, was that I simply don't have such a tale to pass onto my grandchildren. Even though I've spent a LOT of my childhood in the woods. Which may sound odd, but I was living in a remote small town back then and we were all so bored as kids that there really wasn't anything better to do. Except maybe video games. We had those and they were plenty of fun too.

The porn exposure was still there in my childhood, don't get me wrong, either from porn mags hidden away in secret drawers or the good old internet which made the exposure, that I was SO not ready for, all that much easier. In fact, way too easy, especially for a dumb kid like me. Trust me, I've got a lot of messed up shit built up inside me now that I'm gonna be dealing with for the rest of my life. All because of thousands of porn vids being a few clicks away. Which was also way more convenient for me than contact with actual human beings.

I still have no idea why no one hid away any porn mags in a forest near me, and I may never find out, but I'd be glad if someone did. Maybe things would have went a bit different for me and my inner sexual development. Maybe not. Nevertheless, there are therapists in this world and also a great comic book which assures me once in a while that I may not be alone in this neverending battle between us and our inner desires and insecurities.

A

BOY, LET ME TELL YA -- AS THE PARENT OF A PAIR OF YOUTS ENTERING THEIR ADOLESCENCE IN THE ERA OF ALL-ANAL RAMPAGE APPS AND SWIPING LEFT FOR BEEJERS, I HAVE NO FUCKING IDEA WHAT I AM IN FOR NOR WHAT TO EXPECT. I THINK BACK TO WHAT I WOULD HAVE BEEN LIKE, AND SHUDDER AS IF I DODGED A BULLET.

I KNOW HOW I WANT TO DEAL WITH IT: LIKE THIS FUCKING COMIC, I WANT TO DEAL WITH MY KIDS COMING OF AGE IN A HYPERSEXUALIZED WORLD OF ULTRA-AVAILABILITY AS STRAIGHTFORWARDLY AND HONESTLY AS POSSIBLE; TO NOT HIDE ANYTHING OR FETISHIZE THE KNOWLEDGE ITSELF, BUT WORK THROUGH THE AWKWARD CONVERSATIONS AND DIFFICULT MOMENTS AS NEITHER EXPERT NOR REFEREE, WITHOUT JUDGMENT, AND WITHOUT PREJUDICE. I HAVE PERSPECTIVE AND THE AUTHORITY ATTENDANT WITH PARENTHOOD, WHICH IS TO SAY NOT A WHOLE HELL OF A LOT, AND ALL I THINK ANY OF US CAN DO IN THIS AGE IS TO GO INTO IT AS OPEN AS CAN BE. UNDERSTAND THAT THERE IS SEX THAT LOOKS GOOD ON CAMERA TO SOME PEOPLE, AND THERE IS SEX THAT IS GOOD AND REAL IN LIFE, AND IT IS NEVER THE SAME THING, PERSON TO PERSON. THAT MEN LOOK AT WOMEN, AND WOMEN LOOK AT HOW MEN SEE THEM. THAT FANTASY BECOMES TOXIC WHEN THE TOXIC BECOMES FANTASY. IT'S A LOT, AND I DON'T EVEN KNOW HOW I FEEL ABOUT IT MOST OF THE TIME, BUT WHAT ELSE IS THERE BUT UGLY, HONEST, COMPLICATED TRUTH?

IN OTHER WORDS: I WANT MY KIDS TO HAVE EVERYTHING I DIDN'T HAVE, THAT WE DIDN'T HAVE, OR COULDN'T HAVE, BECAUSE OF THE TIMES, THE WORLD, OUR SOCIETAL MISINFORMATION AND PERSPECTIVE ON SEX AND PORN AND SEXUALITY. I'M SURE THIS WILL FUCK OUR KIDS UP IN ALL NEW WAYS, BUT AT LEAST ONE STUPID CYCLE WILL BE BROKEN IN THE CREATION OF A NEW ONE.

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NEXT TIME!

A BRAND-NEW ARC! OUR FIRST-EVER ISSUE 26! CAN YOU EVEN BELIEVE IT?!

FOR MATURE READERS DUH

IMAGECOMICS.COM

RATED M / MATURE

CAN YOU IMAGINE A KID READING 25 ISSUES OF ANYTHING THESE DAYS??